creamy line of the always restless
reef far out;
but listen : you can catch its
mtpmur on the
scented air. Coconut and pandanus
crowd down
to the still lagoon on the right as solid
almost in
reflection as in life; and away to the
left, across
the bay, in a wide majestic sweep, the
mountains
of Vairao and Teahupoo, with crown of
drifting
cloud and swift play of sun and
shadow, rifted
with great valleys and clothed with
wealth of fern,
give true promise of the magic that
is theirs.
Here is every island delight.
Beaches of golden
sand, beaches of white coral, beaches
of black
lava dust, are here. You can plunge
through fifty
feet of translucent water towards the
gleaming
treasures of the sea's deep bed, or
watch the rain-
bow fish playing in the shallows of
the coral.
Rivers ever cool and shaded by great
mapes, deep
in silent pools and laughing swift in
shallows, are

here; and the white tropic bird still floats dreamily
down from the mountains in the early sun for his
keen fishing. You can picture great sailing canoes
making home from far stormy seas to this sheltered
haven, or a fleet putting hence to sea for dis-
covery and conquest. And you will be right, for